

THE VAMPIRE.

I DREAM in strange laughterless mazes ;
I wake at the set of the sun ;
All popped the pæan of praise is
That lives on the lives it has won.
And crimson grow cheeks that are ashen,
And gold gleam the locks that are grey,
For I live—and bright blood is my passion,
Hot-veined in the heart of the day !

Aha ! For the rapture that dazes !
Wine-drained as the breast of a nun
Droops the throat that my savage soul raises,
Thirsting yet for the life that is done !
Sharp as rocks where strong billows have thundered,
Calm as seas where strange tempests have run,
Strong as Death ; where the Derelicts sundered
Feed the Soul without Hope, which is One.

In the Vault of the Infinite Spaces,
By the Moon of a mirrorless Sea,
I lie, while Eternity races—
Dream-bound in the visions of me.
See popped lips pale in the star-light,
The lustiest swoon at my breath,
Till the were-wolves howl—ho ! 'tis the far light !—
Even so—I caress—it is Death !

ETHEL ARCHER.

SCANS FROM ALEISTER CROWLEY'S
THE EQUINOX

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